

The TATLER

Vol. CXC
No. 2469

and BYSTANDER

London
November 3, 1948



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REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
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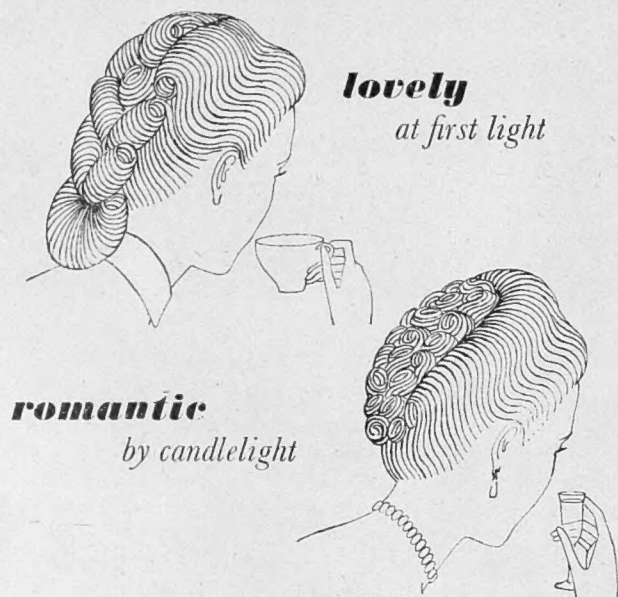
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THE WEDDING OF A LADY-IN-WAITING

Lady Margaret Colville, fifth daughter of the late Earl of Ellesmere and of Violet, Countess of Ellesmere, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with her husband, Mr. John Colville, youngest son of the late Hon. George Colville and of Lady Cynthia Colville. The bride, formerly Lady Margaret Egerton, has been Princess Elizabeth's lady-in-waiting since 1946, and Mr. Colville was appointed Private Secretary to H.R.H. last year. More wedding pictures are on pages 138-9



Her Majesty the Queen leaving the Senate House, Cambridge, with the Vice-Chancellor (the Rev. C. E. Raven, D.D.), after the conferment upon her of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The Queen, who is the first woman to enjoy full membership of the University, later lunched at Christ's, of which Dr. Raven is Master. Jennifer describes the visit on page 138

Some Portraits in Print

OF all books to be carrying to a reception given for Mr. Nehru at India House, I doubt if there could be a more questionable choice than a biography of the late Lord Lloyd; but so it happened, and I left the volume in the cloakroom before going upstairs to see the pageant of India's yesterday and tomorrow (and some of England's, for that matter).

Here was no atmosphere of *chota peg* or gin sling; the only refreshment offered was gaily coloured but strictly non-alcoholic.

Most of the Downing Street brigade present seemed to have come on from various dinner parties, the profusion of which just now must be rather trying to those who, like Dr. Evatt and Mr. Nehru himself, appear to be guests in Paris and London simultaneously. Here was Mr. Herbert Morrison, flushed with the success of a Mansion House speech half an hour before; the avuncular Dr. Dalton bending down to converse with his hosts; Lord Jowett in the Byronic attire he affects in the evening; Mr. Emanuel Shinwell eyeing from a corner some officers in blues; and Mr. Nehru, with his delicately chiselled features, and eyes blinking resentfully at the tropical blaze of lights provided for some film cameras.

DOUBTLESS it was just fancy, but I thought I detected in the faces of some of the English guests present a certain wistful melancholy.

Indeed, such gatherings as these must inevitably be cause for reflection, especially by imperialists of the school of Lord Lloyd.

Lord Lloyd is one of those many who passed from the scene in such tempestuous times that one's memory is blurred. I would be quite unable to fix offhand the date of his death. It was in January, 1941.

The real war was just beginning, and what

part George Lloyd, with his terrific energy and imagination, might have played had he lived is anyone's guess.

He started the war still in the political wilderness, nursing his British Council. He noted on a tour of the Balkans in the autumn of 1939: "We (i.e. the Council) have largely surpassed all other countries . . . and we shall reap good results in due course."

That optimism was not shared by some of us who were out in the Balkans a little later on. He quotes a saying about Yugoslavia: "the Prince Regent is for England; the Government for Germany; the army for France; and the people for Russia."

THEN came Mr. Churchill's return and a remarkable episode in Lloyd's altogether remarkable life. I had forgotten entirely the part he played as France was falling—indeed, after France fell, for he flew to Bordeaux to plead with Pétain: "who is vain, *ramolli* and dangerously ga-ga." During the night the Germans began bombing: "they did not realize how much it would have strengthened France if they had succeeded in bombing both old Brown (Lebrun) and Pétain!"

Next morning the Government were to move to Perpignan where from the port nearby they would sail for Africa (Lloyd was then our Secretary for the Colonies). He was to be disappointed.

George Lloyd was sixty-two when he died, and still behaving much like a too energetic undergraduate—one of the last of the great imperialists, an autocrat with a mystic belief in empire.

I HAVE often had my doubts about many "family portraits," perhaps because most faces can be made by a suitable wig to look astonishingly alike. And if the pictures

be sufficiently old, who alive is there to contradict?

In the wonderful collection of the Duke of Devonshire's pictures which is on loan at Agnew's in Albemarle Street there is a Hans Memling "Madonna and Child" in which appear (in addition to a supposed self-portrait) Sir John Donne and his wife, whose grandfather commanded the left wing at Agincourt.

By the time the picture had been bought by the Boyle family, the two Donnes were being labelled as "Lord and Lady Clifford." When it passed into the hands of the Devonshires, these figures were, "Lord and Lady Shrewsbury."

Another picture on view is a Vandyck portrait of Jeanne de Blois.

This was given the title of "Anne Cavendish, Lady Rich." When someone finally asked how that could be squared with the date of its painting, the title was merely altered to "Jeanne de Blois, Lady Rich"—although there was no such person.

I REMEMBER as a young boy, when my father was searching for likenesses of General Wolfe on which the statue now on Westminster Green was to be based, that we were flooded with canvases of Wolfe.

Anyone who had a picture of a young man with a turned-up nose and eighteenth-century dress seemed prepared to claim it a contemporary likeness of the conqueror of Quebec.

Although familiar with all the known portraits, I am still wondering what General Wolfe really would look like were I to meet him to-day.

If there is something a little melancholy about these canvas exiles from Chatsworth (they are being shown in aid of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge) there is also comfort in the thought that we still have rich

treasures saved from the hands of the transatlantic collector.

There are some three score pictures from Chatsworth on view and I doubt if any collection—other than the King's—could put on such a show: Vandyck, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Poussin, Tintoretto and Holbein.

The Holbein is the original cartoon of his wall painting of Henry VIII which was burned in the Whitehall Palace fire in the seventeenth century.

Agnew's gallery in Albemarle Street is one which I have not been to for some years. What a spacious place it is and how reminiscent of the atmosphere of the golden days of picture buying in the reign of Victoria! ("Sir Herbert Schoenheimer wants two Gainsboroughs, two Velasquez and a Rubens measuring fourteen by eight.")

I WONDER whether Maurice Chevalier will be singing in London this month any of those *double entendre* songs with which he entertained French audiences during the Occupation.

One popular number was "En Dessous de la Manche," seemingly using "manche" as a sleeve but to the French most obviously referring to a crossing of the Channel.

It was just before the invasion of France that I last heard him sing in Paris, holding the stage for the better part of the evening, one of the few people left of the music-hall world to sustain such a feat—Gracie Fields and Danny Kaye are the only two others of whom I can think.

He sang a rousing patriotic song then which was to be a melancholy memory in a few weeks time. It was to the effect that although everyone from the colonel to the private belonged to a different party, now they were all "excellent Frenchmen" again, all of one mind. And he sang "Paris Sera Toujours Paris," as I expect he will sing it again.

THIS art of holding an audience he began to practise in the days when he was a red-nose comedian. He was a child of "les Buttes," or some similarly poor Paris district nearby and started singing in the tougher sort of cafés.

It was not until after the first war (when he was a prisoner, and learned better English than he found useful to admit) that the change came. The legendary Mlle Mistinguett chose him as a partner, got him to wear a dinner jacket and straw hat. She herself had also changed. Gone were the *apache* rags in which she had won fame. In their place were gowns with sixty-foot trains, loaded with sequins and gay with feathers.

For all his dinner jacket and buttonhole, Maurice Chevalier did not change much in style.

He is still the singer of character songs like "Emil of Menilmontemps," and essays in double meaning such as "Arthur," a charming little tale of a dog, fit for children—also their parents. I caught sight of him this summer, a little plumper than before the war but with the same audacious lower lip.

CAN I be the only person to be slightly apprehensive at what has happened to Trafalgar Square? To think that the recent coloured lighting on the fountains was more suited to a pintable in a fun fair than one of the great sites of the empire? By day, having taken all this trouble and expense to give greater dignity to the square, one might have imagined that the Government could have anticipated its promised legislation about unsightly advertising.

Nelson on his column may be able to turn a blind eye to these monstrous sky signs. It is more than I can do.

—Gordon Beckles

For the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

*I don't want pepper for my elfin soup
Nor garlic for my fairy bowl of stew;
I don't need sugar for my goblin stoup
Of honey dew.*

*I don't want music when my spider speaks
Or wireless when my daddy-long-legs sings;
I wish no sweeter than my cricket squeaks,
My harebell rings.*

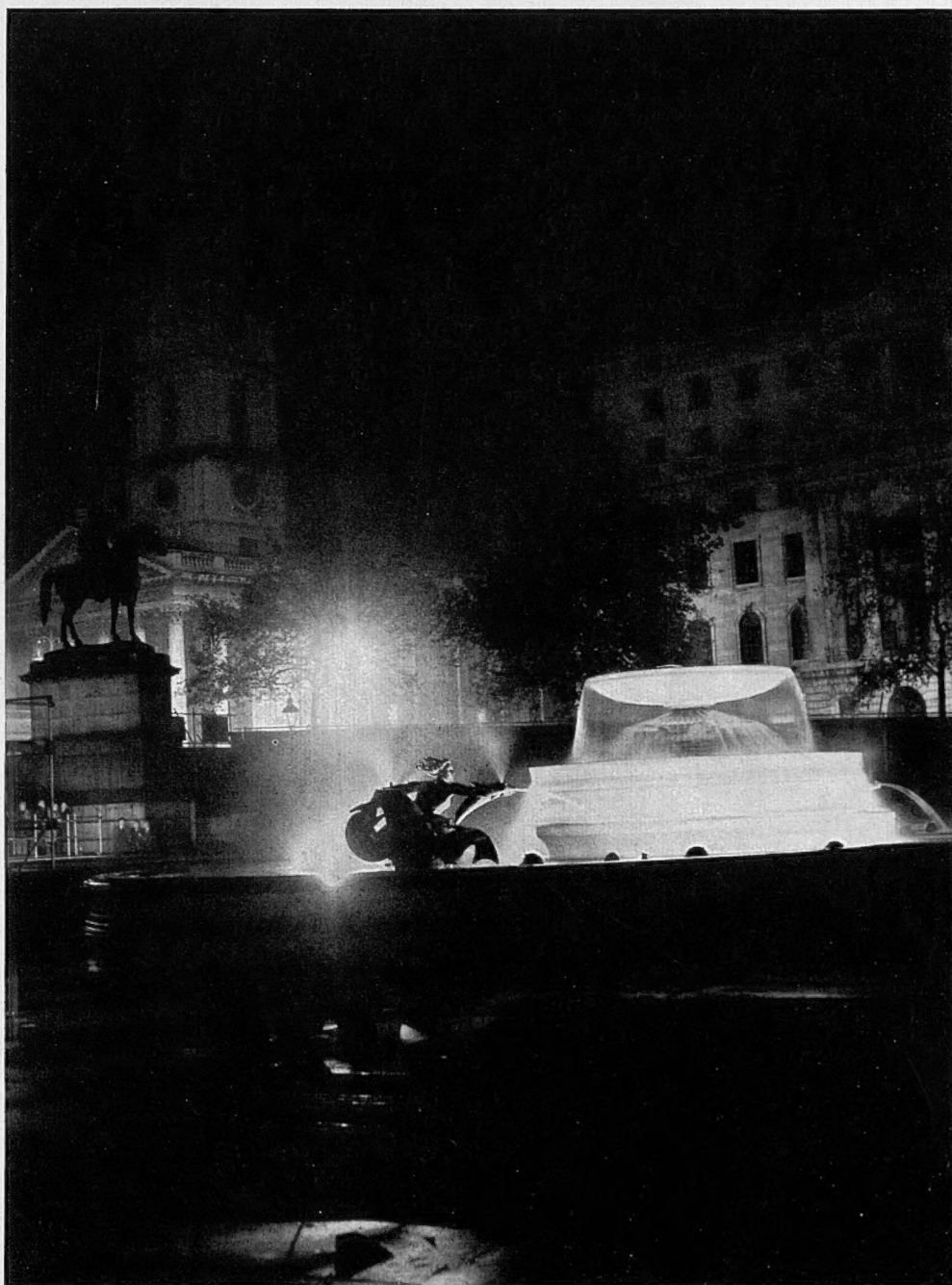
We wish no part of all the treachery crowd
Who write like that, presumably for brats;
Their stuff makes normal children sick, out loud
We think they're rats.

But worse, far worse, are those who *buy* this
glue,
Can't they recall the childish mind at all,
Which wants reality high, bright and true,
Not false and small?

Don't they remember when some Auntie said,
"Dear little Doggie wants to have a chat!"
How burning they wished to shoot her dead
Or smash her hat?

Children want facts more factual, bigger, more
bold,
Amplified truths, not whimsey-shrunken elves.
We don't become escapists till we're old—
And shrink ourselves.

—Justin Richardson



FLOODLIGHT ON THE CASCADES of the new fountains in Trafalgar Square, opened in time for Trafalgar Day this year. This new addition to London's amenities has aroused widespread interest and attracted great crowds, though there are some dissentient voices—vide "Portraits in Print"

At the Theatre

With surgical exactness, Anthony Cookman exposes the fatal deficiencies of the Old Vic's presentation of "The Way of the World" at the New Theatre; while Tom Titt revels in the splendour of costume with which the play is dressed

IT is indeed autumn with the Old Vic: its laurels, won so magnificently but a short while since, are falling fast.

The season opened with a travesty of *Twelfth Night* which was at best "amusing," continued with a *Dr. Faustus* which disastrously reduced the "mighty line" of Marlowe to flat prose and now, in *The Way of the World*, contrives to floodlight the admitted weakness of Congreve's plot while at the same time effectively concealing the beauty of some of the best dialogue ever written for the comic stage.

It is a doleful record and puts altogether too much point on the joke going round to the effect that the company had better for the rest of the year shun masterpieces and tread water in some harmless farce which might be called *Waiting For Larry*. Without the individual brilliance of Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson and others who helped to make acting history at the end of the war the Old Vic was bound to feel a

strain, but few supposed that its resistance would prove quite so weak.

NO repertory company is under any obligation to put on *The Way of the World*. It happens to be one of the masterpieces which, if they cannot be done supremely well, are best left alone. The dialogue (to echo Congreve's own just description of it) is sprightly, easy and animated, but if its subtle rhythms are not to be botched, the ordering of speech throughout the play must be correct and delicate. When the choice of this particular comedy for the autumn repertoire was first made known it seemed to explain itself. Dame Edith Evans was of the company.

Her Millamant at Hammersmith was one of the great things of the period. True, a good many years have passed; yet we looked forward without misgiving to a renewal of old delight. Millamant need look no younger than Dame Edith Evans appears when she sails

the Restoration seas "in full sail, with her fan spread and her streamers out and a shoal of fools for tender." Mirabell's lady depends not on youthfulness but on the brilliance of an artificiality which mischievously conceals a heart, on a superb command of the stage, on a voice which is thoroughly at ease among the Congrevean prose rhythms, on comic force.

AS Millamant Dame Edith Evans might have saved the evening; as Lady Wishfort, a gloriously over-ripe piece of petulance, grossness and pathos, she can only redeem it from utter mediocrity. If the production is worth seeing it is worth seeing only for her performance and, in a lesser degree, that of Mr. Robert Eddison, who plays one of the more impudent of the fops with the dry snap of a well-sprung snuff box.

Miss Faith Brook is unlucky that the chance to play a supreme part in English classic comedy should have come before she is quite ready for it. Her freshness and charming vivacity are wasted since they have the effect of turning Millamant into a girl who seems naïvely surprised at the witty things her author has given her to say. And without Millamant what becomes of *The Way of the World*? It is in danger of seeming an ill-told tale about nothing.

NOR can it be said that the scenery helps. What should be smooth to the point of lacquer is aggressive in its knobbliness and ugly. Miss Pauline Jameson and Miss Mary Martlew have style, but Mr. Henry Andrews and Mr. Peter Copley, as Mirabell and Fainall (neither of them ever a very rewarding part) are obviously playing against the grain. Well, let us hope that with *The Cherry Orchard* the Old Vic will move clean out of what is undoubtedly a bad patch.



The Wit of this Restoration Comedy, burnished by the author with intent to dazzle, is reflected in the period dress. Here, from left to right, gloriously appressed, are Peter Copley as Fainall, Pauline Jameson as Mrs. Marwood, Edith Evans as Lady Wishfort, Harry Andrews as Mirabell, and Faith Brook as Millamant



MONA INGLESBY, prima ballerina and artistic director of the International Ballet, now giving its twelfth West End season at the London Casino, was born in London and studied dancing there and Paris, among her teachers being Nicolas Legat and Egorova. She made her first stage appearance at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in 1923, and before founding her present company in 1941 had danced with the Ballet Rambert and with the Monte Carlo Ballets Russes at Covent Garden. She is seen here as Odette in *Swan Lake*, and in addition to other classical rôles including *Giselle* and *Princess Aurora*, she is appearing in a revival of *Endymion*, her first essay in choreography in 1938

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Busmen's Holiday



Experimenter Trouncer surveys victim Attenborough

Too often, to comment that a comedy must have been enormous fun to make suggests that it is much less fun to see. I can imagine how Burgess Meredith, co-producer and star, and directors King Vidor and Leslie Fenton enjoyed making *On Our Merry Way* (London Pavilion). They and Dorothy Lamour, Henry Fonda, James Stewart, and Paulette Goddard must have got a whole lot of Hollywood poison out of their star systems. But I am glad to record that the result is almost as amusing for an audience as it must have been for the people who made it.

The story of *On Our Merry Way* is as nonsensical and informal as the title; three stories to be exact, told to a self-appointed Roving Reporter (Mr. Meredith) in answer to his question for the day: "What influence has a little child had upon your life?"

Like most good burlesques the film embroiders a familiar outline. Oliver (Mr. Meredith) is the stock little nonentity who gets his wish for a day to impress his bride (Miss Goddard) and ends by winning a permanent assignment as roving reporter, a success at least two of his stories well deserve.

FIRST to be questioned are two night club musicians Slim and Lank (James Stewart and Henry Fonda). The question has to be slightly adapted to take their story—something about a hornblowing contest on a pier where they are thoroughly worsted by a girl trumpeter.

But the pith of this episode is not in the story. It is in the casting of these two most solemnly venerated Hollywood idols and the perfection of their teamwork as they lavish their highly polished skill on the caricature of two corny musicians, with all the zest of stars on holiday in a superlative Green Room Rag.

Quite as funny is the reporter's next interview with a film star (Dorothy Lamour). She gives him extra value. The vitriolic account of her start in pictures with Victor Moore as bit-players to an odious child star, is funny both as basic slapstick and studio-burlesque. Better still is to come when Miss Lamour burlesques her ultimate triumph as the Jungle Belle, Queen of the Hollywood Isles.

I have often suspected Miss Lamour of being a more conscious comedienne than she is usually allowed to seem. The savage relish—and excellent wit—with which she puts over this pungent lyric at her own expense really ought to save her from her sarong.

After this, I hoped that even Fred MacMurray might unbend. But no, he is just Fred MacMurray and the story of his virtual kidnapping by an infant terrible (David Whorf) much below the rest of the picture.

Two-thirds, however, is a high score of laughter

for screen comedy to-day. I suppose there are people who may sit through *On Our Merry Way* and think it all very silly. I can only say that I laughed more heartily than at any film for many months.

As a convinced believer in Filippo Del Giudice's past and future value to British films, I regret that he should have chosen a filmed play for the launching of his new company, Pilgrim Pictures. Having said as much, I must add at once that the Boulting Brothers have made an unusually smooth screen translation of *The Guinea Pig* (Carlton).

Not having seen Warren Chetham Strode's play about the elementary schoolboy picked for the experiment (never as new as many seem to think and already reviving throughout the country) of transfer to a public school, I found much to enjoy and admire in the film, little taint of the theatre to irritate. The Boultings have achieved a far more realistic public school atmosphere than is usual on the screen, and there are moments—in chapel, on the rugger-field, particularly—when for at least one schoolmaster's child they evoke the authentic nostalgia.

There are others when the ground plan of the story equally keenly recalls *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*, "Greyfriars" and all the old school stories. There is the unbending Head (or Housemaster here), the sympathetic young tutor, the cissy guide and mentor, the bully and, oh yes, the Housemaster's pretty daughter, with educational reform providing only a new motive, for the new boy makes good formula.

AMONG the most satisfactory things in the picture is Robert Flemyng's performance as the young house tutor who befriends the guinea pig against the sternly traditionalist Housemaster (Cecil Trouncer). This is the first chance Flemyng has had on the screen to show more than a hint of his possibilities and he stands out as a much-needed asset—an honest intelligent young Englishman with the reserve natural to his kind inspiring confidence as well as sympathy.

Not all the attempts to take the film off the stage into the school grounds succeed. There is no possible reason why Flemyng and Sheila Sim (as the Housemaster's daughter) should have their conversation in the squash court unless to suggest a comparison of the Housemaster with a brick wall.

We should have seen more or less of the boy's walk in the woods with the bookseller's daughter, an incident which means nothing as it is.

And layer upon layer of happy ending is piled on much too thick.

None of these details however might matter if the central character, the guinea pig himself, were more convincingly cast and written. Perhaps the problem is too delicate, too complex for this superficial handling; or perhaps, as I gather is the case in real life, it sorts itself out more simply and less self-consciously. That intelligent and sensitive actor, Richard Attenborough, never suggests the brightest product of his elementary school picked and groomed for experiment. And at the age of twenty-five he is really getting too big to play a boy who couldn't be more than fourteen at the opening of the film.

If Attenborough at first gave me just a faint chill of the discomfort of the juvenile impersonator, Mickey Rooney's grotesque caricature, at the age of twenty-six, of an American schoolboy in *Summer Holiday* seemed like some obnoxious interloper from a freak show. What can have induced M-G-M and Rouben Mamoulian (producer of *Oklahoma!*) to turn Eugene O'Neill's nice quiet family comedy,

Ah! Wilderness, into this nasty, noisy unnatural nonsense is beyond imagining.



"The story of London cinemas under fire"

A CURIO in the margins of London blitz literature is Guy Morgan's *Red Roses Every Night* (Quality Press, 12s. 6d.) the story of London cinemas under fire. Nothing new is likely to be said about the way ordinary British people took the blitz carried on; but cinema staffs and patrons are a new section of the population to say it about, and it seems only proper that the cinemas' war effort in keeping open and keeping up morale should be recorded and due tribute paid to it. Mr. Morgan—his title was a priority air-raid warning to cinema managers—examines the experiences of one particular chain of suburban

cinemas as representative and appends some interesting documentary data and charts to illustrate the effect of bombing on audience figures. It was gratifying that the attendance so greatly exceeded official expectation; but the claim that patrons came to regard the cinema as "a refuge, a strength and an escape" inspires a certain awe.

ERIC PORTMAN,

the third of Emmwood's studies from the contemporary theatre, is a Yorkshireman whom Fate may appear to have treated rather unkindly—up to now. With twenty-five years stage and film experience behind him, and a proved competence in every type of part, he seemed of recent years likely to become identified with scenes of guilt and punishment, a screen bogeyman, his appearance the cue for automatic shudders. But with his return to the theatre in Terence Rattigan's *Playbill*, the tale of his film villainies is quite discounted. His brilliant performances as a frustrated schoolmaster and a comic, ageing Romeo, have won unstinted and widespread praise, and he has stepped into a position on the West End stage always deserved by his talent, but frequently denied by his material





Round the table, left to right, are Sub-Lt. G. R. Booth, Miss P. Longman, Sub-Lt. A. Coxon, Miss Raye Garrett, Sub-Lt. A. L. Jacks, Miss Elizabeth Handley, Sub-Lt. M. L. Brown, Mr. Rawlings and Miss E. A. Marshall



Miss H. Harvey, Miss S. Ashton, Sub-Lt. D. Barrett, Miss Torkington, Sub-Lt. D. Gresson, Miss M. Wright, Sub-Lt. P. Grotrian, Miss C. de Courcy-Bennett, Lt. J. S. Grotrian, Lt. N. G. Tyler, R.N., and Sub-Lt. N. D. Anderson



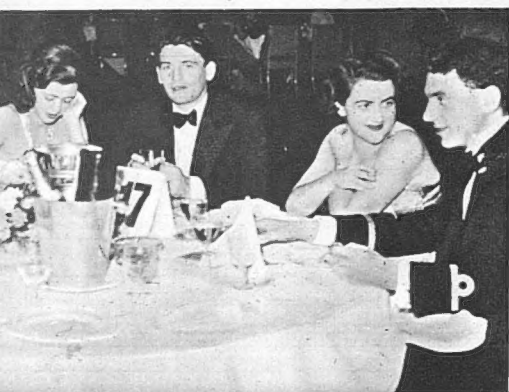
Sub-Lt. Sandie Coats, Miss Carolyn Rutherford, Sub-Lt. P. R. D. Kimin, Mrs. L. N. Brownfield and Capt. Ian Coats



Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, First Sea Lord, Mrs. C. Dalgety, Mrs. Stoughton and Dr. Stoughton



Capt. and Mrs. A. J. Round were two of the guests who enjoyed the hospitality of the 1948 term



Miss Barbara Smith, Lt. George Blackwood, Miss Caroline Wills and Sub-Lt. Stuart Sahway. The dance was at the Savoy Hotel



Sub-Lt. H. G. Smythe, Sub-Lt. W. Maybourne, Miss Judy Letherby and Miss Kathleen Ashworth

Passing-Out Celebration

R.N. Sub-Lieutenants Hold
a Supper-Dance in London



Miss Patricia Tennent, Sub-Lt. A. B. Evans, Miss Patricia Bruxner-Randall, Sub-Lt. N. J. D. Walter, Miss Henson, Sub-Lt. H. J. Pinnock, Miss Sylvia John and Sub-Lt. G. R. Duffey



A Royal Australian Navy table : Sub-Lt. P. M. Rees, Miss H. Heaton-Armstrong, Sub-Lt. J. St. B. Nore, Miss Moira Ferguson, Sub-Lt. D. V. Leach, Miss Rosemary Dykes and Sub-Lt. J. Matthew



Brig. E. H. L. Beddington, joint hon. secretary, with Major W. S. Gosling and Mrs. Beddington



Mr. Henry Douglas-Pennant, Mr. Michael Derros, Capt. Hugh Elliott, Miss C. Allsopp, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Perceval, Mr. Perceval, Miss V. Jackson and Miss Juliet Allsopp



Major M. E. Barclay, who is Joint Master with his son, Capt. C. G. Barclay, talking to Mr. Streeter



Cdr. and Mrs. Hugh Rogerson, who are both keen supporters of the Puckeridge

The Puckeridge Hunt Ball, Held at the Master's Home



Miss S. Everard with Mr. G. Hamilton. The dance was held at Brent Pelham Hall, near Buntingford, Herts., the residence of Major Barclay



Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Martin find a quiet spot in which to relax for a few minutes



Mr. B. J. Brace and Miss H. Brooks take time off from dancing for a drink at the buffet



Mr. Patrick Gibbs and Mrs. Derek Butter-Adams enjoy refreshments and conversation



Mr. David Carter and Miss Molly Sale discuss some of their experiences in the hunting field



Col. and Mrs. Slingsby and Mr. Turnbull (centre) were three more of the six hundred guests who took part in this very friendly and well-organised event



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. L. Bristowe take note of an amusing incident during the course of the evening



Their Majesties at St. Margaret's, Westminster. After the wedding a reception was held at Londonderry House



The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester watch the departure of the bride and bridegroom



Queen Mary, accompanied by the Princess Royal, walking from the church after the ceremony

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: Their Majesties, with Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal family, were present at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the marriage of Mr. Jock Colville and Lady Margaret Egerton, who are both members of Princess Elizabeth's household. Princess Margaret was one of the seven bridesmaids, who wore attractive dresses of grey and pink net, which toned in with the bride's wedding-dress of pale pink satin. After the ceremony the bride's mother, Violet Countess of Ellesmere, held a reception at Londonderry House.

FOR her historic visit to Cambridge, when she became the first woman to enjoy official status as a full member of the University, the Queen left London overnight and stayed with Lord Fairhaven at his lovely Cambridgeshire home, Kirtling Tower, an arrangement which enabled her to begin her day among the women, professors, teachers and students, with plenty of time in hand. Though it fell to a man—Professor C. E. Raven, as Vice-Chancellor of the University and Master of Christ's—both to confer on her the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and to entertain her subsequently to lunch in the Hall at the College, it was, naturally, with the women of the University that the Queen spent most of her time. At both Newnham and Girton she had long talks with graduates and undergraduates about University life in general and particularly women's place in it to-day.

Pioneer spirits of the old days, when the very presence of women at Cambridge, let alone their admission as members of the University, was almost unthinkable, were among those who met the Queen. One of these was Mrs. John Neville Keynes, mother of the late Lord Keynes, who recalled to the Queen how she set a Cambridge precedent sixty-six years ago and startled the authorities by coming to reside with her husband, then an active Fellow of Pembroke, in the days when Fellows who even ventured to marry were much frowned upon. With thoughts like this in her mind, the Queen delighted in the reference by the Orator, Mr. W. K. Guthrie, to the

"boorish indifference" of their predecessors towards women. Dr. Lilian Penson, of London University, who enjoys the distinction of being the first woman Vice-Chancellor of a University in this country, Miss Myra Curtis, Principal of Newnham, who was responsible for the famous Curtis Report, Miss K. T. Butler, Mistress of Girton, the Duke of Devonshire, High Steward, Lord Wright, the Deputy High Steward, Sir Malcolm Macnaghten, the Commissary, Capt. R. G. Briscoe, the Lord Lieutenant, and Lady Katherine Seymour and Major Tom Harvey, who were in attendance on Her Majesty, were among the luncheon guests.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, taking over from his uncle, Earl Mountbatten, as President of the National Playing Fields Association, the Earl, Countess Mountbatten, and the Marquess of Milford Haven were all at the Lord Mayor's dinner to inaugurate the Association's appeal for half a million pounds. It was one of Earl Mountbatten's last public appearances before hoisting his flag in the Mediterranean as Admiral Commanding the First Cruiser Squadron.

Lord Moran, Mr. Churchill's doctor, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wigram, Lord Kindersley, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Aberdare, the Earl and Countess of Derby, Lord Iliffe and Lord and Lady Luke were other well-known figures I saw.

TWO new dates are to be added to the already very full list of engagements to be fulfilled by the King and Queen before their departure in the Vanguard for Australia and New Zealand at the end of January. These are for the two afternoon presentation parties to be held at Buckingham Palace in January. It has already been announced that application by ladies wishing to make a presentation at either of these two parties, which will be equivalent to, and recorded as, presentation at Court, must

be made by next Wednesday, November 10th. For those who do not make their presentations at these parties there is to be a third presentation party during the summer, after the King and Queen return.

THE French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli gave a delightful soirée at the French Embassy in honour of the artists of the Comédie Française who have been giving an all-too-brief season at the Cambridge Theatre. These included that brilliant actress Annie Ducaux, Christianne Carpentier, Yvonne Gaudéau and Véra Korène, who wore a dress that was the envy of many women present; this was made of oyster-coloured slipper satin, with a very full skirt and a little long-sleeved waisted jacket trimmed with a narrow band of sable. Others with the company were Jean Yonnel, Maurice Chambreuil, Maurice Escande, and Jacques Eysen.

When they arrived from the theatre, Mme. Massigli, who is a superb hostess, took them round and introduced them to the other guests, including the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Dame Irene Vanbrugh, Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, and the Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry. Others I met at this very enjoyable party were Viscountess Jowitt, Mr. Jack Thursby and Gen. Durosoy, the charming French Military Attaché, who, with other

members of the Embassy, was busy helping to look after the guests.

SEVERAL Hunts have had their balls early this year through fear that once again the "basic" might be cut. One of the first of these was the Puckeridge, who held their Hunt Ball last month at Brent Pelham Hall, Hertfordshire, the home of one of the Joint-Masters, Major Maurice Barclay. Nearly 600 subscribers and farmers danced in a huge marquee which



The two child bridesmaids arriving at Londonderry House. They are Jane Stockley and the Hon. Frances Anne Guest, cousins of the bride



of Lady Margaret Egerton and Mr. John Colville

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh leaving the reception, at which there were over 1000 guests. A picture of the bride and bridegroom is on page 129

was built out from the house. Amongst the dancers were two recently-engaged couples, Miss Penelope Anne Fairbairn, dancing with her fiancé, Mr. Michael Hughes-Hallet—they have since been married—and Miss Anne Fletcher, dancing with Mr. Alistair Millar. Mr. Robert Percival was partnering his wife, who is Lord Hatherton's elder daughter; Mrs. Hugh Rogerson wore a very pretty pale blue dress with a sequined top; and Mrs. Peter Hanbury looked attractive in a rose-coloured strapless dress with a tulle stole.

Visiting M.F.H.s included Mr. A. Douglas-Pennant and Mr. Dudley Ward from the Essex and Mr. Hugh Gingell from the Cambridgeshire Harriers. Several young girls made the ball their coming-out dance, including Miss Susan Slingsby and Miss Hannah Pryor, whose mother gave a large dinner-party before the ball, when her guests included another debutante, Miss Ruth Frere, a niece of Major-Gen. Sir Francis de Gomband. Others at the ball included Major W. L. Gosling, Mr. George and Lady Bridget Mansfield, Mr. A. F. Graham-Watson, Lord Braybrooke and Mr. Douglas Pelly.

I WENT to a cocktail party given jointly by Mr. and Mrs. Candrian, over from Zermatt, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bracken, where many of the guests were ski-ing enthusiasts. A brief diversion during the party was the showing of a short film of ski-ing around Zermatt, which brought back nostalgic memories to many of the guests and encouraged discussion of plans for coming visits to Switzerland for the winter sports. I met the charming Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Alfred Escher, who told me the Swiss Minister and Mme. Torrentie were still abroad; also M. Umbricht, of the Swiss Legation. Mrs. Bracken I saw chatting to Sir Ronald Storrs, and near by was Lady Orr-Lewis talking to Baroness von Bernsdorf, who, before her marriage, was Miss Bridget Gilligan, and was over here on a short visit.

The Hon. Ben Bathurst, one of our foremost exponents on the Cresta and a fine skier, was there with his attractive wife. Miss Wendy Sale-Barker was chatting to Mrs. Alan Butler, who brought her very attractive married daughter, Mrs. Ventris, who told me she is studying with her husband to be an architect, and her son, David Butler, who went out to Switzerland last winter with the possibilities for the British Olympic ski-team but had the misfortune to break his leg while practising.

Other winter sports personalities there included Gen. Younger, President of the Army Ski Club, and Admiral Ruck-Keene, President of the Naval Ski Club, with Mrs. Ruck-Keene, Lady Mabel Lunn, Lady Blane, Miss Evie Pinching, who, I heard, was going out again soon to train skiers in the B.A.O.R.; Brig. and Mrs. Peel Yates, the Hon. Robin Hankey and Mr. Leonard Figg, who both work at the Foreign Office; Lady Chamier and her son, and

Mr. Patsy Richardson, who was helping to entertain the guests.

ALTHOUGH Christmas is still just over seven weeks off, preparations are already well ahead for Christmas bazaars, which are always such a boon to shoppers who have not a lot of time to wander round the shops choosing Christmas presents.

There is to be a bazaar in aid of the Princess Tsahi Memorial Hospital in Addis Ababa, at the Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, on November 8th and 9th. Here there will also be an exhibition of children's art and Ethiopian arts, crafts, and industries. On the evening of November 8th there is to be a gala performance of *Home Is To-morrow*, by J. B. Priestley, at the Cambridge Theatre, in aid of the Margaret McMillan Memorial Fund and St. Pancras Nursery Schools; Mrs. Attlee is President of the committee, and the cast includes Leslie Banks, Helen Backlin and Cecil Trouncer.

Lady Georgina Coleridge is chairman of the United Charities Fair which is to be held at the Dorchester from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. on November 22nd. Twenty charities benefit from this Fair, including S.S.A.F.A., People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, and Dockland Settlement. Lady Woolton is chairman of the Christmas Cracker Bazaar to be held at the May Fair Hotel on December 1st and 2nd, opening at noon each day. This is in aid of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, and promises to be a wonderful Christmas shopping centre. The stalls include Poulterer and Greengrocer, the Wine Bar, Delicatessen Stall, Haberdasher, Glover, etc.

ONE more Christmas reminder comes from the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, who do not receive a penny from the Government under the National Health Service. This Association is once again selling attractive little Christmas seals to go on letters and parcels, and you can obtain them from the Duchess of Portland, chairman of N.A.P.T., Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, and they cost 4s. per 100.

With chilly winter evenings, the idea of a bridge party sounds cosy, and it is a good idea of the Central London Women's Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institute, of which the Countess Mountbatten of Burma is President, to arrange a really big bridge party at the Hyde Park Hotel for to-night, November 3rd, to raise funds for the lifeboat service. Tickets are £1 each, and the prizes, which have all been given, include a Sealyham puppy from Sir Jocelyn Lucas, and a crayon portrait from Olive Snell. Lady Bird is chairman of a committee which includes Mrs. Alick Eddy, Mrs. Geoffrey Liddle, the Marchioness of Willingdon, the Countess Howe, Mrs. Washington Singer, Lady Shakespeare, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys and Lady Seton-Karr.



Princess Margaret was chief of the seven bridesmaids. Behind her is Miss Diana Lyttelton, assistant Press secretary at Buckingham Palace

Oxford Players' Silver Jubilee

"Heartbreak House" is Given to a Distinguished Audience



The party on the Playhouse stage after the performance. The Oxford Repertory Players began their career in 1923 with a production of Shaw's "Heartbreak House"



Mr. Richard Coolden, one of the original Players, with Miss Celia Chaundy, the manager



Mr. John Herbert, son of Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., with Miss Stella Andrews



Miss Lalage Mais, daughter of Mr. S. P. B. Mais, the writer, discussing the play with Mr. Desmond Sutcliffe



Mr. David Marsh and Miss Kathleen Hargreaves were two more young guests



Mr. P. H. F. Johnson and Mrs. Sheila Kilner drink to the future success of the Players



Mr. Athole Gallifent, Miss Lorna Westall and Baron Bernard were also at the party



Dr. W. T. Stallybrass, Vice-Chancellor of the University, with the Mayor and Mayoress



Tasker, Press Illustrations
Mr. R. Croucher, Mr. Stanley Parker, Mrs. Cecelie Parker and Mr. Teddy Goldsmith

Alamein Veterans Meet Again

The 44 (Home Counties) Division reunion was one of many held to celebrate the anniversary of El Alamein, the climax of which was the great party in the Albert Hall. Below are photographs of the 44 Division gathering at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea



Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks, who was a Corps commander in Africa, talking to Brigadier J. H. C. Pennycuik



Major-Gen. Ivor Hughes, Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, with Major G. Pascoe

At the Albert Hall: Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery introduces the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. W. Lewis Douglas, to the immense assembly, both displaying the high spirits which were the keynote of the evening



Lt.-Gen. C. Perceval, Major F. E. Shrimpton and Major-Gen. J. C. A. Dowse discuss their Western Desert experiences



Another discussion over the teacups between Col. R. E. Green, Capt. C. S. Lucas, Major A. A. Hawker and Major R. Fairburn



Miss Sarah Birken and Miss Jane Whitelaw watching the trials, which were held at Oakham



Mrs. C. Heber Percy, wife of Lt.-Col. C. Heber Percy, who is Joint-Master of the Hunt



Mrs. L. Shedden with the Earl of Westmorland, who succeeded his father in May

The Cottesmore Start Their Season With Hunter Trials



Alethea Lady Manton and Miss E. A. Fitzalan Howard have a good view from the top of a shooting brake



Capt. George Gibson and Mrs. Verity Lloyd were two more of the large gathering of spectators at the trials



Mrs. B. T. Fowler with Major and Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith. The trials were followed by a dance at Burrough House, near Melton Mowbray



Mrs. James Senior, Mr. James Senior and Mrs. H. B. Scott, wife of Brig. H. B. Scott, discuss the day's events

Priseilla

The President

IN PARIS. During the past twenty years I have seen the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs from almost every angle. From the *corbeille*, from the boxes, from the Press enclosure (when there was one) and, one lean year, when funds were low, from the gallery, for even in pre-war days we could not all have new frocks from Molyneux or Lanvin for every occasion. Anyway, I found several friends also in hiding amongst the gods, and we had a great time. The bird's-eye view of the ball is spectacular, and it is easier to look down than look up.

Those were the nights of the Silver Bridge, and one had to stare up at the performers from the dancing floor that replaced the stalls. Embrocation for stiff necks was in great demand next morning.

This year there was no Silver Bridge. The famous *Pont d'Argent* has been condemned by the authorities. The circular, all-metal track had to be set up so that it prevented the use of the Safety Curtain. Somewhat belatedly the Fire Commission tumbled to the fact that if this, that, or the other happened, there might be a terrible accident, and so this year the Opera House appeared in its usual but always gorgeous guise—the musicians in their pit, the entertainers behind the footlights. The only difference being that the front rows of the stalls were removed as far as the *corbeille* to allow standing room for the multitude.

AND what a multitude. The 2000 seats available were booked within the first two days that the box-office opened, but over 3000 cards had been issued, hence the standing room.

In the days of the *Pont d'Argent*, 7000 spectators were able to crush in, which was all to the good of the "little white beds." In order to make up for this, M. Léon Bailby, who has always been the organiser and moving



Mrs. George Gibson, who is hon. sec. of the Cottemore, with her son, Michael Gibson



Miss Ursula Rank and Miss L. Bolitho discover the advantages of a mobile buffet



The bride and bridegroom leaving Chiswick Parish Church. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Charles Morgan, the novelist

The Marquess of Anglesey Marries Miss E. S. V. Morgan



Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode and his daughter, Mrs. John Betjeman, were among the guests

Was at the Ball of the Year



Miss Vivian Moseley with her fiancé, Mr. D. Forbes Adam, son of Mr. Colin and the Hon. Mrs. Forbes Adam



Miss Robina Tennant, who is a relative of Lord Glenconner, with Sir Michael Duff, Bt.

spirit of the ball, decided to cut down on the most expensive item of the preparations and do without the banks of hydrangeas that were a feature of the decorations. A wise decision. There is no more gorgeously splendid background for a great charity gala than the Paris Opera House. Arthur Rubinstein, who played so divinely that evening, told me also that "never had he felt such a magical atmosphere." What need is there for flowers on the great marble staircase that rises upwards to the loggie and, on such a night as this, is lined by soldiers of the Garde Républicaine in the black and gold of their dress uniforms, their helmets gleaming under the countless lights of the great chandeliers and their naked swords flashing to the salute when President Auriol and his guests of the U.N.O. arrived at a quarter-past eleven.

THE entertainment and the dancing were preceded by a dinner at which M. Bailby presided, seated between the Comtesse de Castellane and Mme. Philippe Berthelot. Also at his table were Mme. Simone Léon-Volterra, the Comtesse de Toulouse-Lautrec, the Duchesse de Maillé and the Duc de Primo-Réal, to name but a few of his guests. Other tables filled every corner of the foyer and *pourtour*, and a glance at the name cards was like looking at a page of the *Bottin Mondain*. Having been given, by M. Bailby himself, the little blue enamel token that was the *laisser-passer*, I made for the stage in order to see, for the first time, the spectacle from the coign of vantage of the wings. In the *foyer des artistes* gilt-foiled bottles in silver pails, piles of sandwiches and trays of *pâtisseries* awaited the high-lights of the profession who had generously given their services for an all-star programme. I had been asked to act as liaison officer to the British and American stars who had promised

to appear and who all kept their promise except Charles Laughton, who was ill, and who wrote a charming note of apology that Noel Coward read to the audience. However, Joseph Cotten turned up unexpectedly and was made welcome.

THE Jean-Pierre Aumonts had arrived that morning from Marseilles, where J.-P. has been filming *Hans the Sailor*. Maureen O'Hara and Dana Andrews dashed over from London. Anna Magnani—of *Open City* fame—came from Rome and, of course, since she does not speak English and I don't speak Italian, it was with her that I had most to do. Franchot Tone is staying in Paris, since he is playing with Laughton in Simenon's *L'Homme de la Tour Eiffel*; so, also, is charming Belita, who, when the stars were presented to the audience, showed herself to be the most graceful mover of them all.

What a crowd there was. One could look, but it was difficult to hear. The voices of Louis Jouvet, Jean-Louis Barrault, Noel Coward, François Périer, Nita Raya and Jean Cocteau barely reached us, but judging from the joyous roaring of the audience they must have caused great amusement.

All these lovelies and handsomes had a great reception, though I always think that the applause at a charity function is never so wildly enthusiastic as at other performances. Perhaps this was why Maurice Chevalier was so snappy with the Press photographers—who fled in dismay—after his duet with Cerdan that was one of the highest lights of the entertainment. We not only applauded the world middle-weight champion, but we cheered his amused grin at finding himself singing on the stage of the Paris Grand Opera, for being so bashfully diffident about it and so obviously happy at giving pleasure. A nice lad.

"The Tatler"

WATCHES THE RETRIEVERS



Brigadier T. B. Trappes-Lomax's yellow Labrador bitch Hockham Victoria retrieving a partridge from the river in the Eastern Counties' Retriever Society's working trials at Whiltingham, near Norwich. Hockham Victoria won first prize, and three special prizes

AN APPOINTMENT IN NORFOLK WITH GUNS, DOGS AND GAME



Mr. and Mrs. Curl were two of those who followed the trials—the thirtieth held by the Society



Mr. F. P. Busuttill and his daughter, Miss Angela Busuttill, in an interval between drives



Mrs. Wentworth-Smith with her very handsome and useful golden retriever Quilder of Yelme



Major Astley, Mrs. Tonkin and Mr. and Mrs. Morse waiting for the birds to come over



Major Arthur Penn and Mrs. Geoffrey Coleman take up positions of advantage before a drive



General Sir Henry Loyd, with Brig.-Gen. George Paynter and the President, Lord Somerleyton



Mrs. E. M. Kelly and Mrs. Charles Fellowes talking to Brigadier T. B. Trappes-Lomax, who is a relation of Lord Stafford



Mr. F. Brown, Mr. J. F. Rowley and Col. N. Arnold discuss the prospects of a plentiful bag



Major Astley and Col. Lockett with the Earl of Romney, who came over from King's Lynn



Beaters making their way through a field of roots to flush the game. The trials were most successful and, with the help of a good supply of birds, some noteworthy performances were put up by the winning dogs



The scene at the winning-post on the Maze racecourse, near Belfast, with the Aga Khan's filly Emali (Herbert Holmes up) winning the Ulster Cambridgeshire from Mr. W. Noble's Dallington and Miss D. Paget's Transaction



Mrs. H. Hartigan and Major R. Turner, official handicapper of the Irish Turf Club, who came up from the South

Watching Emali Win the Ulster Cambridgeshire



Mrs. Colin Clark with Lady Clark, wife of Sir George Clark, Bt., of Co. Antrim, in the members' enclosure



Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, daughter of H.E. Earl Granville, Governor of Northern Ireland, studying the runners



Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Agnew were two of the many Northern Ireland racing enthusiasts present



Miss Patricia Magill, a member of the Co. Down Staghounds, talking to the Master, Major John Corbett

Fennell, Dublin



"... Ground-nuts and Somerset Maugham"

B. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

MOUNT KILIMANJARO and Mr. Raymond de Trafford are the leading natural attractions of Kenya, one gathers from travellers. A feverish attempt by a daily paper to interest chaps in the ground-nut scheme in Kenya seemed hardly likely to oust these two tried favourites, we felt.

Ground-nut cultivation is evidently of extreme value but almost totally devoid of glamour. Without posing as an expert on Imperial affairs, we should say the ideal background for ground-nuts is not a dashing outpost like Kenya but one of those more homely areas, familiar to readers of Somerset Maugham, in which dull, carelessly-shaven chaps with huge red knees are monotonously betrayed by their neurotic mates in a setting of palm, rubber, and bamboo. Imagine yourself saying lightly "Reggie is in ground-nuts" to some smart women between 6.30 and 8 p.m. in the Berkeley Lounge and you will see what we mean.

Afterthought

PROBABLY the way to glamourize ground-nuts, thus making them blend harmoniously with the Kenya décor, is the old Island way of pretending they are something else, or at least finding a more genteel name. You don't overhear a chic girl in a smart West End restaurant nowadays saying "My old man's a fence." She says: "Father is a property-transference counsel." Similarly, so to speak, with ground-nuts.

Birds

BIRDWATCHERS resent nothing more furiously than being called a lot of interfering bastards, as a recent piece on these wild birds by a tame Nature boy forgot to mention.

Such sensitiveness seems at first glance a trifle odd, the bustard being an honest and attractive bird capable of running quite swiftly, despite the alleged derivation of his name, we find on looking it up, from *avis tarda*, slow bird; a bit of confused nonsense due to some drunk ornithologist of the past. Moreover, it seems absurd to bridle at a name with so many splendid and even regal associations ("Out, insolent! Thy bustard shall be King!"—Queen Elinor in *King John*.) However, birdwatchers are notably touchy, and the reason is simple. Having had their tiny pants fanned regularly by Nanny in infancy for staring at everything and everybody in sight ("Rude!") they are dominated all through life by a No. 5 guilt-fixation. Behind those expensive Zeiss glasses, consequently, their eyes are shifty and frequently unable to focus.

One other delicate point, before we pass on. If birdwatchers got on well with their wives they would not need to watch birds.

Bump

LOGGER Ben ("Song-in-My-Heart") Hecht's being discarded from a current Marx Brothers production is probably not the victory for British protests some of the Press

boys appeared to think. The life of a Hollywood scriptwriter is like that.

Even the costly or Hecht class, entitled to air-conditioned luxury-suites, thickly-carpeted corridors, and monogrammed silver spittoons, are subject to the whims of their wayward overlords, which may change overnight. Next morning the previously-warm greeting of the headwaiter at whatever expensive restaurant the boys frequent is perceived to be glacial and aloof, and the boys are ushered to a distant table. Thus their fall is proclaimed to the world, and once-effusive blondes stare right through them, and they are out, pro tem. You ask what they do next? They get totally plastered, the instinctive Hollywood reaction to surprise, pleasure, grief, joy, horror, indignation, love, hate, depression, ecstasy, or a simple sock on the jaw. And towards 1 a.m., being writers, they begin to give each other, and anyone else within hail, the lowdown on women.

Playwrights and poets and such horses' necks
Start off from anywhere, end up at sex. . . .
People Who Do Things exceed my endurance;
God, for a man that solicits insurance!

Thus a sorely-tried girl of eminence who hated Hollywood, and especially its writing-boys, one of whom she eventually married.

Victim

LISTENING the other night to the Comédie-Française boys and girls rolling out *Le Misanthrope* with impeccable distinction, we observed that—as usual—the audience conceived this sad and noble comedy to be funny. Whereas it is one long outcry of honesty against a lying world, and as little provocative of mirth as a British film-farce.

Every time Mr. Robertson Hare used to get his pants torn off in a rough-and-tumble we felt the same sympathetic pang. In fact the resemblance between Mr. Hare and Alceste of *Le Misanthrope* is rather startling. It is now generally conceded that the impressive shining baldness so revered by Hare fans (of whom we are one) is due to the forcible removal of the Hare pants in a thousand farces. Under his florid periwig Alceste, though debagged only metaphorically, is probably bald as a coot likewise, and that groan of a breaking heart, "Morbieu! Faut-il que je vous aime!" might be echoed by Mr. Hare, a frequent victim of women, popping out of any grandfather-clock in his undies.

Never shall we forget hearing that fine actor Jacques Copeau speak this line at the Vieux-Colombier. He didn't bellow, he said it sadly, half to himself, as if comforting his poor heart against the devilishness of women. We ourselves have practically no complaints about women and we are against having them all shot (yah, feminist).

Vexation

WHY the obsolete stringed instrument called "the marine trumpet," mentioned by Molière and Pepys, was called a trumpet, though it resembles a huge Japanese

fiddle, Auntie Times's music critic did not clear up very satisfactorily in a recent survey. The suggestion that it derives from a 15th-century French trumpeter named Marin is mere pedantry and defeatism.

We suggest that the object was to vex the public, a possibility invariably ignored by Auntie's hirelings. Why the musical boys should desire to vex the public is explained by their suspicion that the average audience would be just as easily entertained and enthralled by performing monkeys. We who live only for our Art resent this; hence the not-infrequent spectacle of a huge soprano pausing halfway through a cadenza to stick her tongue out at the stalls. Concert-Direction Joe Schmaltz generally imposes a small fine on such irascible sweethearts, half chidingly, half amused.

"Listen, baby, you din ought to of pulled that one."

"———! ——? ——!"

"Okay, okay, okay. Maybe I set you back five smackers, maybe I sue you for liable, huh?"
(Uproar ends.)

A few really great artists never stoop to betray their feelings thus. You remember the aloof and dignified composure of Kreisler? But were you ever close enough to observe his eyes?

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Oh, I don't know—I think he's rather sweet . . ."

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

It is very rarely that it can be said of any race meeting that there were three stone-cold certainties in the programme of events; yet this is what could be said of the recent Cesarewitch meeting. Both Angelola and Abernant were past the post before they ever went out on to the course, and I add to this that on the Melbourn Stakes performance, Woodburn was an equally certain winner. Britt rode him very well in the Cesarewitch, and gave the onlookers a lesson in how to wait for the right moment.

As to this other race, there is a very good rule where sword play is concerned; never let go of your opponent's blade if you can help it. Maintaining contact is the only sure means of divining the other chap's intentions. This rule applies with equal force to race-riding. In the Cesarewitch Britt adhered to this rule most meticulously, and he won, not because Woodburn stuck his head out at the last second, but because there was close contact between the Bridge and the Engine-room. Who is now to know how good Woodburn is? He may be entitled to join the very select band which can be named as worthy to go for the Gold Cup next year.

THE distinguished and erudite soldier, who recently gave the unenlightened such a colourful disquisition upon the writings of the poet Virgil with particular emphasis upon that thriller the *Æneid*, focussed his fire upon the pious Æneas and the unfortunate Dido, who loved so much and too well; but perhaps because Lord Wavell is not so fond of horses as all that, he made no reference to another character in this strange, eventful history, Puer Ascanius, the hero's son, who took such delight in a good horse. Ascanius may not have done anything like as much as Æneas in the way of fighting, but he must have been a fairly resourceful youth to have managed to pick up a good steed the moment that his father and his grandfather, Anchises, touched dry land. It used to puzzle some of us when young as to which was the liar, Virgil or Homer, and which cribbed from which. Ulysses' adventures were so very like those of Virgil's hero, with the exception that Ulysses

never wavered from his Penelope, whereas Æneas. . . . (*Vide Dido and "ors."*)

"THE King's Sailing Master," despite other names such as Perceval, will mean Philip Hunloke even to the landsman who cannot bear so much as even to think of the loud-resounding and many-voiced ocean; and Hunloke will spell "Britannia," which, in its turn, will spell King George V., for, despite the fact that the great old ship (221 tons) was built to the order of King Edward VII., that monarch was never so closely identified with her as his son.

King George V. was a professional sailor, his sire was not, and as such the salt of the sea was in his veins, as it should be in those of every true sailorman. It is for this reason that few more competent to write the life of the late Sir Philip Hunloke (d. 1947) could have been found than Lt.-Cdr. Douglas Dixon, D.S.C., R.N., for not only has he served in the Navy's little ships, but there are few types of craft that he has not handled. *The King's Sailing Master* (Harper; 21s.) is as fine a combined biography and short history of yachting as has been launched, and though the history may not be a closed book to some of us, a great deal of the rest is, particularly the extracts from Sir Philip Hunloke's personal diary.

If ever there were a ship that loved "a wet sheet and a flowing sea, a wind that follows fast," it was the old Britannia. She seemed to revel in the bellow and the blast and the rougher it was the tougher she showed herself. She was a sea-boat first, last and all the time, and her grave is at the bottom of the element she loved so well. After King George V.'s death, instead of being broken up, as the King originally intended, she was sunk in the Channel at the dead of night, the unwelcome task being assigned to the Navy. She was as great a lady in her own sphere as were H.M.S. Victory and H.M.S. Warspite in theirs. Sir Philip Hunloke recalls that the last scene at which he was present was "grim." This is not difficult to believe.

There are many stories in Commander Dixon's fine book which it would be a delight to retail, but with space so strictly rationed this is not



"Mechanisation may not be possible for some time to come . . ."

possible. One incident which I think should be related is that "The King's Sailing Master" had not held of Britannia upon every occasion; for King George V. took the helm on July 16th, 1921, in the race from Southend to Harwich, and won, beating White Heather by ten minutes and Nyria by sixteen. It was sailed in light airs, according to Major Heckstall Smith, who was aboard her. This fact makes Britannia's decisive win all the more creditable. Commander Douglas Dixon's book includes many a yarn of races which were sailed in anything but a soldier's wind, sometimes when things became really dangerous. It is a most fascinating book, and beautifully illustrated.

CONCERNING a recent paragraph making an appeal for the Pit Ponies' Protection Society, Eveline Countess of Essex has generously forwarded a cheque for £5, which has been sent on to the Secretary, Mr. D. Jeffrey Williams, Pit Ponies' Protection Society, 69, Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8, and I would ask that any other contributions should be sent to him and not to me. My suggestion in the original note was that all we who go racing should give 1 per cent. of our winnings to this most deserving cause, which, I am sure, is out to do a good act and get a Bill through Parliament giving help to these unfortunate little animals which work under such distressing conditions. Mechanisation may not be possible for some time to come, but if this Bill is got through it may at any rate ameliorate things and help to put a stop to the deplorable conditions which exist in some pits. The Secretary can supply copious authentic records of why these ponies deserve our sympathy.



English Lady Golfers Beat a French Team at the Royal Mid-Surrey

The English team who won the Vagliano Cup at Richmond: (standing) Miss Moira Peterson, Miss Jacqueline Gordon, Mrs. Diana Critchley (non-playing captain), Mrs. Maureen Garrett, Miss Molly Wallis; (sitting) Mrs. Zara Bolton, Miss Frances Stephens, Mrs. Helen Holm, Miss Jean Donald

The French ladies, who were beaten by $6\frac{1}{2}$ matches to $2\frac{1}{2}$: (standing) Madame Monique Paul, Madame Jeanine Gaveau, Madame Christiane Binoche; (sitting) Madame Yan de Quellec, Madame Monique Barton (captain), Vicomtesse Lally de Saint Sauveur and Madame Simone Lacoste

D. R. Stuart



Solo Flight, with a forced landing in prospect, undertaken by Mr. H. Robinson, of the Hampshire Hunt "B" team, in the hunter trials at Bentworth, near Alton. The expression of triumphant craftiness worn by Wilson, his horse, is especially to be noted. Meanwhile, the other members of the team, Miss Ann Forster on Beaufort and Miss P. Wickham on Huntsman, complete their jumps uneventfully

R. C. Robertson-Glasgow's

Scoreboard



THE truth. How hard to find; how seldom expressed, in what, with the most delicate euphemism of our language, we call "in so many words." For instance, we do not, though we should like it, read any Marriage notice starting—"On Wednesday, 25th, rather too noisily" . . . and continuing, "the bride, who was looking her best, which is not saying much, was given away by that four-flushing old share-shuffler, her supposed father, whose braces creaked like an inn-sign in a gale, and who, talking of inn-signs, had rather too evidently out-stayed necessity in the jug-and-bottle."

THESE reflections took shape, naked and unashamed, as I was studying the report of an Association Football match in a world-famous, if besotted, contemporary. It consisted, largely, of allegations. There were at least three "alleged fouls" just outside "the forbidden precincts." The truth, plainly expressed, would have been more interesting, viz.: that on two occasions the visiting centre-forward had been about to shoot when the centre-half, with as neat a trip as you'll see South of the Trent, brought him down like a sack of coals three yards outside the Penalty Area, but, on the third occasion, the centre-forward, a man ready to learn by suffering, had forestalled this

manœuvre by hurling himself on to the ground, writhing like a boa-constrictor with heat-bumps, and being sponged into insensibility by a man with buttoned boots and a Gladstone bag. And the alleged referee had fallen for it.

But money talks; and, in the end, the £72,000 forward line triumphed over the £68,746 9s. 3½d. defence, in spite of the 2½d. referee; while, outside the gates, 28,317 disappointed patrons drummed against the walls and howled like wolves roaming the Siberian tundras on Molotoff's birthday.

Vive le Sport. And Mevagissey for the Cup. In which connection, I like the story that is going merrily round the Board-rooms, of the Left Half who wants to be transferred. "Anywhere," he says, "will do, so long as there is an eight-roomed house in a quiet district near a billiard saloon and a pub with a pin-table; seaside preferred, as I am fond of paddling and watching the steamers through my telescope. Butcher's meat only."

THE mechanical caddie increases in popularity as the human ditto increases in price; and the week-end links are infested by golfers, wearing the thoughtful expression of their kind, and drawing behind them this speechless and

pneumatic contrivance. Developments of the chassis may be expected, so that soon there should be additional seating-accommodation, for the golfer's wife and children, or aged relatives dependent upon; and a cupboard underneath with a small tent to erect near the green while waiting for opponents who lie down to their putts.

MYSELF, I miss the friendly race of caddies who, scorning the world, the weather and the beckoning hand of ambition, were content, for a moderate fee, to share every hazard of the round. Particularly do I recall one, now long at rest beneath his native grass, who wore three waistcoats and a green deer-stalker hat. He had an unrivalled power of discouraging opponents by simple comments such as, "Hard luck, Sir; you've just reached the bunker with the last roll," or, more indirectly, "he's swinging too quick again."

In moments of victory, he liked to regard himself as the principal, not merely the assistant, of triumph; and, as he joined his confrères in the caddie-house, you would hear him saying, "I had 'im on the seventeenth in two for once, and we've got the mashie-niblick going right at last." His private life was complicated; and he was the local champion at cribbage.

Audrey Lucas's*

Book Reviews

"Ego 9"

"The Case of Mr. Crump"

"Byron"

"The Dark Wheel"

THE scene is a bar at Cannes during the Film Festival of 1946. An unpleasantness has started among the customers . . . "somebody saying that any Frenchman who allowed himself to submit to Buchenwald was *un liche*. This was violently resented by two ex-Buchenwalders. Things were beginning to look ugly, when the barman rapped on the counter and said, 'M'dames et M'sieurs, j'ai une triste nouvelle à vous annoncer. Raimu est mort ce soir.' And at once the quarrel was submerged in the general grief."

How fortunate, that of all the people who might have been present on this arresting little occasion, it should have been James Agate, who has recorded the incident in *Ego 9* (Harrap; 18s.). Fortunate, though not surprising; just as a sixth sense will lead the epicure, even on unfamiliar ground, to where the best food is, so it would seem did providence, foreseeing some such enthralling occurrence, guide Mr. Agate's footsteps to the spot.

To read the last work of a favourite writer who will not write again is a sad occupation; in the case of this final volume of *Ego* sadness is coloured with exasperation, for, in the course of reading, one has composed at least half-a-dozen letters of admiration, agreement and expostulation, and only when the book is finished and laid down does one remember that to send these to its author would be fruitless. It is not easy to accept the fact that one who both extracted and shared so much of life's richness as James Agate did is dead.

To assess his value, one can hardly do better than quote one of his critics, albeit a most friendly one. A letter from Mr. Beverley Baxter, printed in *Ego 9*, ends with these words: "Now, my dear James, I do not give a damn what Hazlitt or Walkley or anyone else said. I do my own thinking and if the result is terrible to you remember we do not come from the same womb. Go on quoting and I shall go on thinking." On the face of it, fair enough, and Mr. Baxter, it should be added, had been somewhat provoked; but, and here surely is the root of the matter, quotation, as used by Agate, is not a substitute for thought, but its direct result.

When, in his capacity as dramatic critic, he illustrated his own comments with passages from masters of the craft, this, one submits, was done, not with the intention of padding or to cover up any shortage of original ideas, but from that desire, common to every true enthusiast or expert, to test their own views by the standard of a higher authority. Far from not thinking, Mr. Agate seems to have existed in a positive whirlwind of thought, rushing from his desk to his bookshelves, less in a frantic search for something to say, than because the

urgency of what he had to say clamoured for emphasis or corroboration.

TRUE, most of his favourite authorities had predeceased him. His gods, with a few exceptions, were not living ones; but in an age when hardly anybody knows anything about anyone who is not strictly a contemporary, and a B.B.C. announcer can imperceptibly pronounce the christian name of Wagner's second wife as though it were written *Cosy Ma*, the past deserves a few champions. Moreover, in choosing this particular lost cause to defend, Agate by no means disconnected himself from the present; rather, he cultivated the art of looking backwards and, at the same time, as it were, keeping his eye on the ball.

From both the old and the new, he snatched the best with almost schoolboy greed; an entry for one day, in *Ego 9*, may be the following, from Thomas Holcroft: "Was in some danger of being run over by B— D—, driving a kept woman furiously in a curricle," while on another page one finds Clive Brook's delightful reply to a suggestion that he might play Aubrey Tanqueray: "Tell Mr. Agate I am too dull an actor to risk so dull a part." To the diarist himself, both these entries were certainly front-page news.

Like its predecessors, *Ego 9*—this may be taken as either a recommendation or a warning—is concentrated essence of Agate; the glow of his enthusiasms, the splendid pugnacity of his dislikes, the zest he brought even to boredom, and, above all, his unabashed romanticism, are all assembled, on this, their too positively last appearance. It is the perfect bed book for those whose object is not sleep.



Fred Daniels

Gloria Pashley, the violinist, who became widely known during the war for her recitals to the Forces in many theatres of war, played at the Albert Hall when only sixteen years old. Before the war she played before T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and has recently broadcast and been televised

would have failed to secure the lady's hand, is not to say that his study of a poet so extensively written about is any more repetitive than it can help being.

The effect of Byron upon many literary imaginations resembles that of being wound up; when the last word has, or so one would think, been said, the works, instead of running down, go on again, and on, to be candid, a little grindingly. That, at least, is how it strikes those of us who, while admitting Byron's fascination, consider the riddle of his personality to have been solved some time ago, or, alternatively, to be not such a very hard riddle really.



Eric Coates, the composer, selects some gramophone records in the study of his London flat. He has recently been representing British light music at the fifteenth International Congress of composers and authors held at Buenos Aires. His music is extremely popular in South America

"This comment apart, Mr. Vulliamy's *Byron* is a perfectly straightforward, reasonably enjoyable and, to anyone fortunate enough to come fresh to the subject, useful book; although in one or two small instances it is misleading. An example: "The Blessington-d'Orsay group" was a living fragment of the world in which Byron had once been happy, if often exasperated, and in which, as a tamed and older man, he might have been happy once more." But surely, almost from the start, Lady Blessington (largely on account of her relations with Count d'Orsay) was as great, if not a greater *declassée* than Byron himself?

Then, with regard to Clare Clairmont, Mr. Vulliamy takes a line of chivalrous indignation, speaking of Byron's desertion of her as "the most shocking example" of his callousness in matters of the heart. This defence of a young woman who notoriously asked for rather more than she got, is well-meaning, but Byron's own description of Clare, brief, canine and perhaps best not quoted, comes a good deal closer to truth.

Finally, one could wish that so accomplished an historical student as Mr. Vulliamy had, in regard to the childhood of Caroline Lamb, consulted a more reliable authority than the young woman herself. The too-often-repeated story of being brought up either by servants or in the neglected children's quarters of Devonshire House, is Caroline's own version of the facts. She was anxious, no doubt, as many such infuriating characters are, to blame her upbringing for her behaviour, and this "it's all-the-fault-of-my-parents" plea has in her case become history. In that delightful book *Lady Bessborough and her Circle*, however, there are a number of family letters proving to the hilt that Caroline's childhood was a perfectly well-ordered one.

ON the subject of Byron's marriage, Mr. Vulliamy is interesting, but to what a chewed and splintered thing this bone of contention has been reduced. The domestic infelicity of the famous is, as we know, public property; the clue to it is private, and when they die is buried with them, too deeply, in the case of Lord and Lady Byron, for exhumation; biographers may scratch the surface of the ground; in fact they do; but as the result of these excavations we are on the whole no wiser. One wonders if we really want to be. For beyond a certain point, the dissection of dead emotions can become what Harriette Wilson, that witty courtesan, would have called "a dead bore."

Robert Coote as Sir Andrew Foulkes in the forthcoming production of the new Archers' production of *The Elusive Pimpernel*, in Technicolor. Robert Coote is a close friend of David Niven, who takes the part of the Pimpernel, and shared a house on the Pacific coast with him in California. This photograph was taken while the company were on location at Mont St. Michel, Normandy

BYRON, this much we do know, escaped from a marriage which displeased him. Herbert Crump escaped also, but far less easily. *The Case of Mr. Crump* (The Bodley Head; 10s. 6d.) is a novel of savage power. The jacket tells us that, "when this was first privately published in Paris its sales were restricted for necessary private reasons," and the reader is soon aware that Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, for no doubt excellent reasons, has written a hymn of hate. This object can seldom have been achieved so thoroughly. Told in a mood of cold fury his story of a young man, caught and entangled in the squalid mess that a woman older than himself has already made of her life, pursues its relentless course to the inevitable end.

Herbert Crump was a musician, a composer of some merit. When Anne Vilas jockeyed him into marrying her, he was only twenty-two. Anne had three children, a no-good son, an elder daughter with nymphomaniac tendencies, and a younger one, the best of the bunch; but also, until she grew up, part of the burden Herbert was forced to carry. Predatory, possessive, violent-tempered and slatternly, Anne Crump is a monstrous figure, perhaps, for credibility, a shade too monstrous, although by the sheer force of his hatred, Mr. Lewisohn bludgeons one into swallowing her more or less whole.

He errs at times by overplaying his hand, and this is particularly apparent in his descriptions of the more unsavoury aspects of Anne's *ménage*; for example, to say that bundles of unwashed underwear were often discovered stowed away in unexpected places is to say enough; one knows so clearly what the Crumps' flat must have been like, that to add that these were usually traced "by their smell" is unpleasantly redundant.

In spite, however, of its aura of squalor and ugliness and despair, *The Case of Mr. Crump* has at its core, something of tenderness, and much of compassion and, when it comes, the brutal climax is almost acceptable for the proof it gives that a few shreds of fastidiousness and pride have survived in Herbert's butchered soul. With Anne gone, and the story told, one begins to ask oneself if any husband, let alone one who was sensitive and talented, could have submitted to her for so long; and if the answer is not a very ready one, this is perhaps because, to be clearly intelligible, even a hymn of hate must have some gleam of light to clarify the shade.

* * *

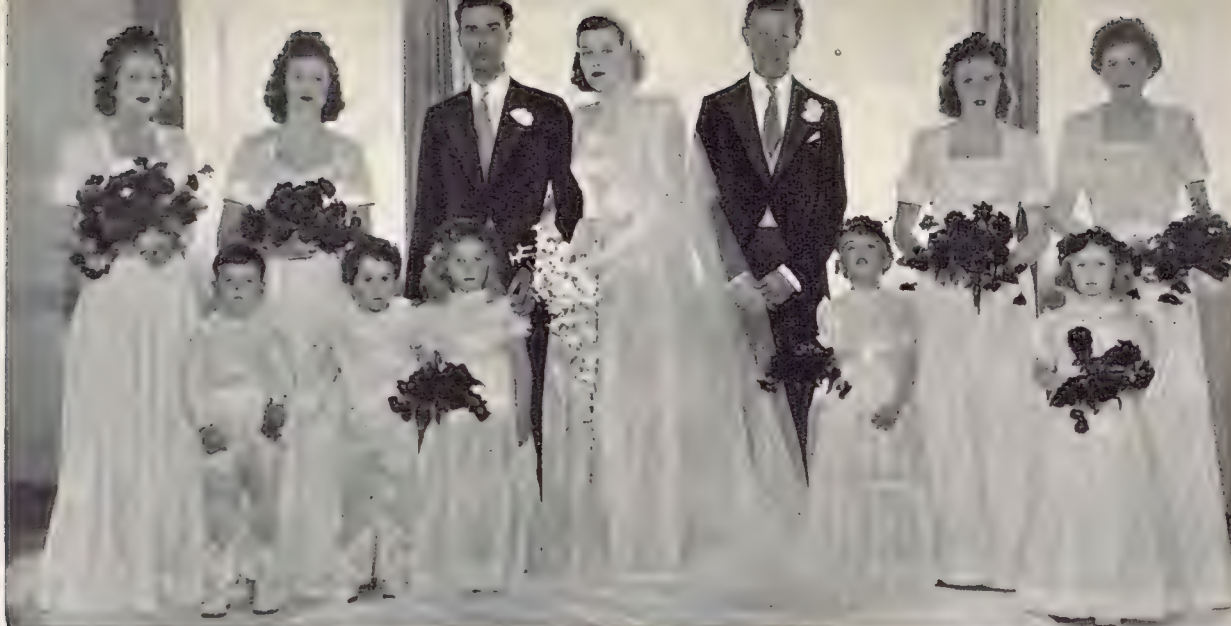
PHILIP MACDONALD, who, coupled with Colonel Anthony Gethryn, has been absent from us too long, has now written, in collaboration with A. Boyd Correll, a most entrancing thriller. *The Dark Wheel* (Collins; 8s. 6d.) brings, alas, no news of Colonel G., but that complaint aside, it is an absolutely first-rate example of the cards-on-the-table type of crime story.

The background is both New York and theatrical, and the hopes raised by this combination are at no point blasted; swiftly and credibly the story sweeps along, and while it is obvious what the mad millionaire intends to do, his exact method of doing it is dangled just beyond the reader's mental reach as artfully as the carrot that entices a donkey. To crown all, the authors introduce a character whom they claim has sex appeal, and entirely convince one that this is so; not only does the actor, Denis LeMay, turn out a far nicer person than is expected, he is also a most acceptable charmer. If Gethryn is not going to reappear, LeMay is an attractive substitute, though, on second thoughts, why can't we have both of them?

* Deputising for Miss Elizabeth Bowen, who is on leave.



Photograph by J. Deakin



Stevenson — Livingstone-Learmonth

Capt. Anthony Ronald Guy Stevenson, M.C., only son of Col. E. D. Stevenson, C.V.O., M.C., and Mrs. Stevenson, of Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh, married Miss Jane Livingstone-Learmonth, only daughter of Capt. L. R. Livingstone-Learmonth and of Mrs. Hector MacLeod, of Westfield, High Legh, Cheshire

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



James — Mostyn

Mr. Thomas Huleatt James, son of the late Mr. H. H. James and Mrs. Anita James, of Temple Lyon, Rearcross, Co. Wicklow, married Miss Angela Elizabeth Mostyn, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Roger Mostyn, of Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin



Hughes-Hallett — Fairbairn

Mr. Michael Wyndham Norton Hughes-Hallett, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hughes-Hallett, of The Lordship, Much Hadham, married Miss Penelope-Anne Fairbairn, elder daughter of Mrs. Sydney Fairbairn, of Hans Road, S.W.3, and the late Capt. Sydney Fairbairn, M.C.



de Villiers Hart — Pryce-Michell

Lt. Michael Loy de Villiers Hart, R.N., elder son of Mr. Norman de Villiers Hart and Mrs. W. M. Loy Hart, of Aislaby, Pickering, Yorks, married Miss Elizabeth Primrose Pryce-Michell, adopted daughter of the late Rev. P. T. Pryce-Michell and Mrs. Pryce-Michell, of Bridgwater



Macdonald — McKeever

Mr. Duncan Brodie Macdonald, of Bucklebury Place, Woolhampton, Berks, only son of the late Capt. J. D. Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald, married Miss June Mary McKeever, of Drayton Gardens, S.W.10, only child of the late W/Cdr. S. McKeever and of Mrs. McKeever, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Carton — Petit

Dr. Richard Paul Carton, only son of the late Dr. Paul Carton and of Mrs. Carton, of Greenfield Park, Donnybrook, Dublin, married Miss Naomi Petit, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Christopher Petit, of Kingston Hill, Surrey, at the Church of St. Joseph, New Malden

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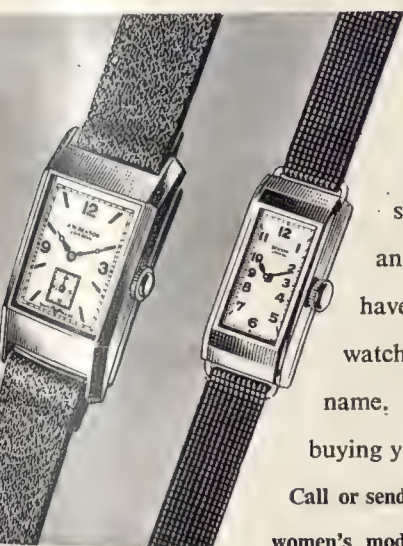
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PARIS ACCENTS THE MIDRIFF

Fashion Page

by

Winifred Lewis



IN Paris, winter fashions show no spectacular change of line, but designers are unanimous in accenting the midriff. The corselet waist predominates for day, evening, outdoor and indoor clothes. The main development of last season's narrow waistline lies in the extension of interest to the diaphragm and hips.

Typical examples are (top left) Rocha's draped waist which carries on into cascading drapery at the back (centre sketch). Extreme left is Balmain's brilliant red faille with a cummerbund of black wool, and, right, his softly draped suède corselet belt which is detachable. Rocha's own version of the corselet appears in a grey dress with Persian lamb trimming and wide buttoned belt

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Miss Diana Cecil Critchley, daughter of Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., of Barrow Hills, Long Cross, Surrey and Mrs. Joan Gibbons, of New York, whose engagement is announced to Mr. John Andrew McKinney, youngest son of Mr. H. A. McKinney and the late Mrs. McKinney, of Nassau, Bahamas



Harlip

Miss Gillian MacMullen, only daughter of the late Major-General H. T. MacMullen, and of Mrs. MacMullen, of Coleherne Court, S.W.5, whose engagement is announced to Captain Miles Leicester Dunning Skewes-Cox, The East Lancashire Regt., only son of Major and Mrs. Skewes-Cox, of Badgers, Cross-in-Hand, Sussex



Miss Eileen Sylvia Roberts, elder daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. G. A. Roberts, of Fairlight, Limpsfield, Surrey, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. David Alan Lloyd, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lloyd, of Hookwood, Limpsfield



Pearl Freeman

Miss Betty Preston, of Northern Rhodesia, younger daughter of Lt.-Colonel J. H. Preston, M.B.E. and Mrs. Preston, of Anglesey, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Ewen Cameron Thomson, of Northern Rhodesia, elder son of Mr. F. M. Thomson, of Forfar, Scotland



Navana Vandyk

Miss Dorothy Patricia Wilby, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. K. G. Wilby, of Ashdene, Delph, nr. Oldham, Lancs., whose engagement has been announced to Mr. John Gilbert Victor Burns, son of Mr. Gilbert F. Burns, M.B.E., and Mrs. Burns, of White Gates, Willaston, Wirral, Cheshire



Hay Wrightson

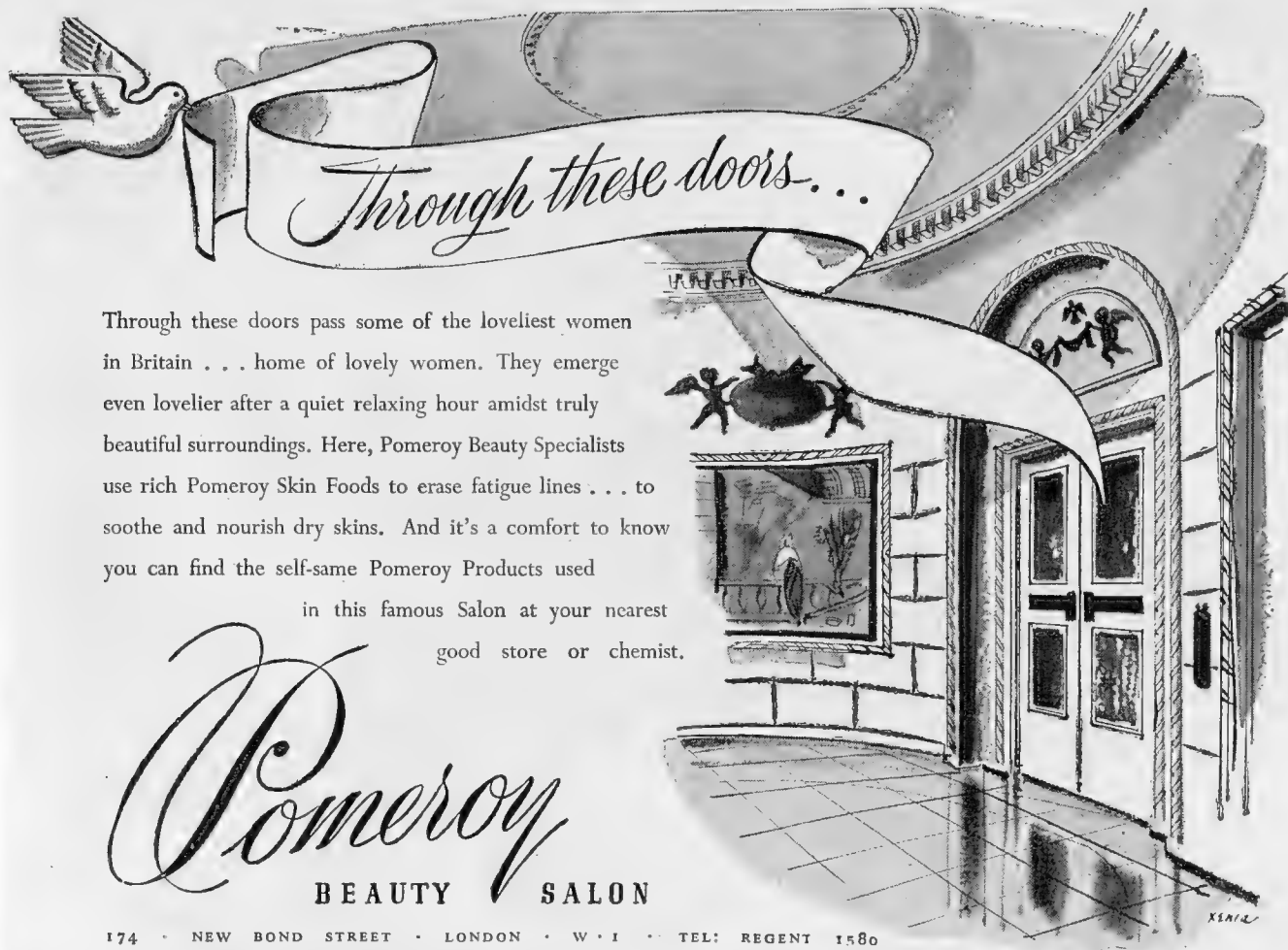
Miss Muriel Daphne Humfress, youngest daughter of Mr. H. T. Humfress, O.B.E., and Mrs. Humfress, of Camberley, Surrey, and 714 H.Q., C.C.G., Dusseldorf, B.A.O.R. whose engagement is announced to Captain Thomas Neil Douglas, Scots Guards, only son of Major A. Douglas, M.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Douglas, of Edinburgh

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A Silver Wedding Gift for Lord and Lady Belper

During the recent Silver Wedding celebrations of Lord and Lady Belper (above, left), at Kingston Hall, Notts, their children made them the gift of a Guernsey heifer, the occasion chosen being a party for employees and tenants. The Hon. Rupert Strutt, youngest son, is seen leading in the animal, to which the Duchess of Norfolk (daughter) is giving a piece of wedding cake. Behind Lord Belper is another son, the Hon. Peter Strutt

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RECORD OF THE WEEK

IN this age of rash imitation it is refreshing to find at least one conductor and arranger who has the courage and ability to be original.

For many years prior to 1939, Peter Yorke was employed to arrange tunes for most of the top-ranking bands. No matter what he undertook, it always had the mark of the master mind. Then, after serving in the Royal Air Force, this talented musician got the break he deserved, and now his broadcast programmes are looked for with eagerness by millions of listeners.

During the past eighteen months he has made some excellent records with his orchestra, and recently set down his versions of "Somewhere Beyond the Skies" and "No Orchids for My Lady." Those who saw the Boltons Revue will remember this delightful number. It was written by Jack Strachey, composer of "These Foolish Things," with a lyric by Alan Stranks.

Not only is Peter Yorke a first-rate musician, but he is also a judge of a worthwhile song. I have no hesitation in saying that his latest recording is as good as anything of its kind that I have heard since the days of Ray Noble and the New Mayfair Orchestra. (Columbia DB.2452.)

Robert Tredinnick



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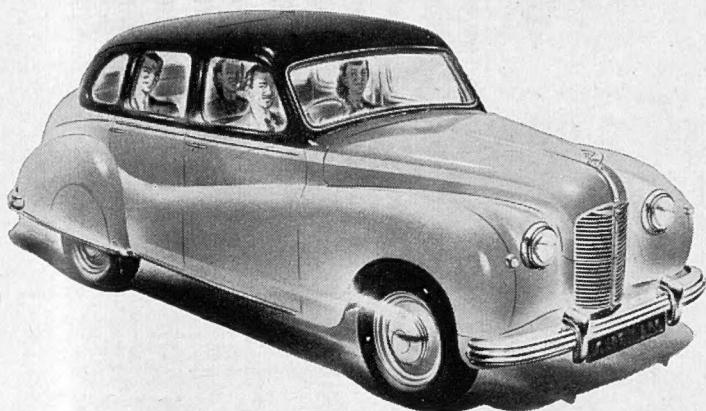


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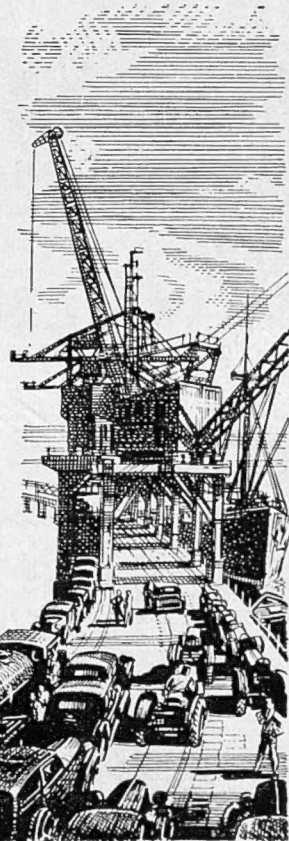
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